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GAYLORD ONCE MORE.—The Ogden Junction copies from the WORLD the item published not long since in relation to the itinerating fraud, old Gaylord, making the following comments thereafter:

The above is from the IDAHO WORLD, and refers to a person who has visited Ogden twice under the name of St. Clair. He travels through the country with a woman who lectures, and as a draw promises to give away by "a grand drawing," a number of valuable articles. The whole concern is a fraud. The lecturer and the man who conducts the affair makes a specialty of speaking favorable of the "Mormons," but their advocacy is worse than open animosity and the usual misrepresentation, for they know nothing of "Mormonism," and their general character and deception of the public are enough to injure any cause they attempt to defend.

But the WORLD has been misinformed in relation to "Ella Smith." St. Clair, or whatever else his name may be, brought the girl to Ogden. She is not a native of this city, is not known here, and neither of the parties in this traveling firm is a resident of Utah. "Ella" must have been "stuffing" the old "lady across the Basin."

All we have to say about the matter is that Ann McGinnis, of Pioneer, formerly a resident of Ogden, Utah, told a reporter of the World what was stated at the time, and a great deal more; the substance of which was that Ella Smith came to her as an old acquaintance and in tears, saying that Gaylord threatened to kill her if she attempted to leave and expose his brutalities.

But when Miss Ella claimed old Gaylord as her "natural born father" in the presence of a number of respectable gentlemen, at Silver City, Owyhee county, we were forced to the conclusion that perhaps it was none of our business who she was. In fact, we don't care to know anything further about a female who publicly acknowledges without a blush that Gaylord is her parent.

A bust of Sir John Franklin has been executed by the sculptor, Mr. Mathew Noble, and will shortly be erected in Westminster Abbey. On the left side of the monument the following inscription is cut: To the memory of Sir John Franklin, Born April 16th, 1786, at Spilsby, Lincolnshire. Died June 11th, 1857, off Point Victoria, in the frozen Ocean. The beloved chief of the gallant crew who perished with him in completing the discovery of the Northwest Passage. A similar inscription to the memory of Lady Franklin, composed by Dean Stanley, will be placed on the right side of this niche before the monument is erected in the Abbey.

Among the curiosities to be seen at the Industrial Fair, San Francisco, is an old Mexican bell, dug out of the ruins of one of the Central American towns, and purchased by W. S. Garratt, proprietor of a bell foundry in San Francisco. Gold, Silver, copper and iron form the composition of the old relic, which bears date 1690, and is literally covered with inscriptions.

OUR HEATHEN CHINEE.—The following is from the Salt Lake Herald:

A lawyer is a lawyer the whole world over. As a class they a fine lot of gentlemen, but we have never heard of a layman getting away with one of them. Monday a couple of citizens invited a certain legal individual to participate in a little game called "draw." The attorney didn't understand the game—the heathen Chinese who played once upon a time with Biff Nye was also childlike and bland—but he took a hand and trusted to luck. The stakes were to be merchandise due bills, and the attorney innocently planked down a \$35 order, while the others each laid out a \$12 due bill—the latter sum being the amount each was to put in the "pot." The game proceeded, the legal gentleman laid down his cards as it came his turn to play, and at length he was declared loser. He didn't have time to play a second game, so he took in change for his \$35 due bill one of the \$12 orders, and was to call for the balance at another time. When he had gone the winner took up the \$35 order and upon examining it, found that \$33.95 of the amount had been paid and was endorsed on the back. By losing, the lawyer had won just \$10.95, while the winner-loser is giving himself a good "cussing."

WHAT SAVAGES THINK OF TWINS.—In Africa, according to Dr. Robert Brown, ("Races of Mankind") the birth of twins is commonly regarded as an evil omen. No one, except the twins themselves and their nearest relatives is allowed to enter the hut in which they first saw the light. The children are not to play with other children, and even the utensils of the hut are not permitted to be used by any one else. The mother is not allowed to talk to any one not belonging to her own family. If the children both live to the end of the sixth year, it is supposed that nature has accommodated herself to their existence, and they are henceforth admitted to associate with their fellows. Nor is this abomination of twin births restricted to Africa. In the island of Bali, near Java, a woman who is so unfortunate as to bear twins, is obliged, along with her husband, to live for a month at the sea shore or among the tombs, until she is purified. The Khasias or Hindostan consider that to have twins assimilates the mother to the lower animals, and one of them is frequently put to death. An exactly similar belief prevails among some of the native tribes of Vancouver Island. Among the Ainos, one of the twins is always killed, and in Arébo, in Guinea, both the twins and the mother are put to death.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

"GENERAL" JOE MORRIS, the leader in the attempted insurrection in Georgia, is a full-blooded African, and was raised by Col. Robert Morrison of Augusta. Two or three years ago he began exercising great authority over the negroes in his neighborhood, and while maintaining a regular relay of couriers supported himself by teaching school.

DR. GLENN, of Colusa county, Cal., owns a ranch containing nearly 45,000 acres, having a fronting of eighteen miles on the Sacramento river, and extending back five miles. Upon the property are 140 miles of fencing. Two tenants cultivate 10,000 acres each; one, C. W. Hoog, expects to raise 180,000 bushels of wheat and barley this season.

With the exception of two or three thinly settled parishes, all the census returns in Louisiana are in. In New Orleans there are 145,721 whites and 57,647 negroes. In the State the whites number 404,361, the negroes, 450,029.

The Sub Rosa ledge has widened out ten feet, and the rock still rich. A good showing will be made from this ledge in a short time.

ROMANTIC INCIDENT AT SEA.—A romantic incident occurred on the last trip of the steamer Rotter, due from Rotterdam to New York. Among the cabin passengers were a Mr. Van Seller and Miss Maria Reuter, who were engaged to be married. To give the event an air of romance they had decided to have the ceremony performed on board the ship in mid-ocean. On the evening preceding the day fixed for the wedding, it transpired that the young lady was the young man's half-sister. It appeared from explanations given to the passengers that Van Seller left his home in Amsterdam when only ten years old, shipping as a cabin boy on board a vessel bound for the West Indies. He revisited his native place after a lapse of five years, but finding that his father had died during the interval, and his mother had married again, he shipped once more, and did not return until about two months ago, when he was unable to find any traces of his mother. During a visit to Rotterdam he met Miss Reuter, and an attachment at once sprung up between them, which resulted in an engagement. In talking about their early days they accidentally discovered their relationship to each other. It has been arranged that Miss Reuter shall return on the next steamer. The brother being rich, will provide for his sister.

An article recently published in a San Francisco journal, gives a vivid idea of the productiveness of the silver mines of Nevada, by contrasting them with the mines of Peru and Mexico. It says that "the veta madre of Mexico comes nearest being a parallel case of the Comstock. It is a similar fissure, intersecting a similar formation, only it is at least three times its length, and its ore deposit has been a continuous bonanza. The mines on the veta madre have been worked uninterruptedly for over three centuries, and the aggregate yield is estimated at \$300,000,000. The first discoveries of the Comstock were only made fifteen years ago, but the entire product during that brief period has aggregated in round numbers to \$175,000,000, or over one-half the three-century product of the richest vein in Mexico, and about one-eighth the entire product of the numerous veins and mines forming the Peruvian Potosi group for the same extended period. The yield of the Comstock lode last year amounted to about \$21,000,000, or within \$3,000,000 of the maximum annual yield of all the silver mines of Mexico, and five times the annual average yield of the Peruvian mines." Improved machinery and methods of workings have had a very important influence to hasten the development of the Nevada veins; but even after due allowance is made for these advantages, the fact is very insignificant that the Comstock lode has yielded more silver in fifteen years than was obtained from the richest mine in Mexico for a period of one hundred and fifty years. *Philadelphia Railway World.*

A RAGGED little urchin came to a lady's door, asking for old clothes. She brought him a vest and a pair of trousers, which she thought would be a comfortable fit. The scape-grace took the garments and examined each, then, with a disconsolate look, said, "there ain't no watch pocket."

The Democratic party has carried the California election by ample majorities. The Independent party is nowhere. This will be the report from all quarters for sometime to come. Third parties cannot hope to flourish until after the Presidential election of 1876.

JUDGE O. HUMASON, an old and prominent citizen of Dalles, Oregon, died on the 8th inst. He was a printer and a lawyer, and a man greatly loved and respected by all who knew him.

City and County.

LIVELY SCENE IN JUDGE MOORE'S COURT.

Yesterday was a sort of gala day in Judge Moore's Court. At one o'clock in the afternoon Sheriff Sam Stewart came prancing into the presence of His Honor with Mrs. Lucinda Thompson, a cullud pusson of easy virtue and of the female persuasion, slung on to his left arm. This semi-sable tenement of an immortal soul was harnessed up in the height of fashion, and had rigged up for steering apparatus a stupendous double-breasted grecian bend, and was top-knotted off with a gorgeous chignon a la de buffalo chip. In the tapered flingers of one hand she nervously clasped the handle of a flashy parasol. She swung down the aisle like a clipper ship under full sail, tossing her head from side to side as she swept along, and finally came to anchor by depositing her brains on a bench in close proximity to the august dispenser of justice. She looked defiance at the crowd of spectators who had assembled to see what was up. The charge against Mrs. Thompson was the exhibiting of a deadly weapon with intent to do bodily harm to the person of, and the throwing stones at a neighbor. Upon reading the complaint Judge Moore asked the prisoner what she had to say. She replied that she would plead guilty to the stone-throwing but not guilty to the charge of weapon-drawing. The Judge then told her she had better employ counsel, when she went after Jonas W. Brown, Esq., and after being closeted in his office with that gentleman twenty minutes returned and said she didn't want a lawyer; to let the trial proceed. Nor did she want a jury. District Attorney Ainslie placed the complainant on the stand who testified as to the facts set forth, which was corroborated by the testimony of another witness. Yank Merrill was summoned, who testified that he was not in that portion of town when the occurrence took place; and that was all he knew about the fight. John Germain, another summoned party, made the same statement in relation to himself. Then Mrs. Thompson took the box and said something like the following: "As I walked out in my gardening (the front gardening) about the hour of noon to-day, to cull the fragrant bouquet with which to adorn my bosom as an emblem of purity, the complainant and her witness cast foul aspersions upon my fair name by such opprobrious epithets as: 'Go way! now; but ain't she nice, though! Don't she look gay. O no! I guess not! Ain't she a pea-fowl! Don't she sling on style! Great shakes! Put a tin can on her!' and many other equally vulgar observations. And may it please your Honor, the indignation of a virtuous woman arose in my palpitating breast and I hurled back the vile imputations in a volley of small boulders. What I have stated is the whole truth about the matter."

And the injured lady patted her dainty foot on the floor in smothered wrath.

Then Judge Moore arose and explained: "Mrs. Thompson, the penalty attached to the crime for which you have been charged and stand guilty is a fine of ten dollars and costs. The costs will foot up to about forty dol—"

"Hold on, your Honor," said the prisoner. "I don't care about having all that cost to pay. We'll have a jury trial. Where's a jury?"

"But, my dear madam," remonstratively explained the Judge, "you did not choose to have a jury when told that it was optional with you, and the trial is now concluded. I will make it fifty dollars, all told, or five days over on the Bar. Consider yourself in the arms of the Sheriff until your fine is paid."

We were afterwards informed that Mrs. Thompson had taken an appeal in the case.

MR. PERRY PINE has so far recovered that he started for Pennsylvania the day to spend the coming winter with relatives in that State. In just ninety days from the time that he was flattened and had both thighs broken by a cart in a mining claim, Dr. Zipf had him prancing around on crutches.

The Owyhee weekly *Avalanche* has been enlarged so that it now contains all matter printed in the daily. "Old Hill" also compelled to issue a supplement for the benefit of his advertisers. It is a pleasure to us to note these evidences of prosperity exhibited by the "old man" the Owyhee paper.

The iron shutters to one of the doors of Tincher & Holland's saloon refusing to close, they were compelled to take out and reset the brick underneath the sill. A portion of the building had probably settled a little. The doors now close all right.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, JR., was heard from at Kelton. The young man had got along that far all right. His parents will probably not hear from him again until he arrives at his destination.

THE DEER DISEASED.—Old hunters say that the meat of the female deer is unhealthful this season on account of the prevalence of some disease. The males, however, are unaffected by it.

The *Statesman* learns that A. & J. Pfeiffer, of Alturas county, the other day sent twenty thousand pounds of quartz worth from five hundred to ten thousand dollars per ton.

HENRY FRIEDINGER is fixing up nicely the building adjoining his livery. He is putting down new flooring, repapering the walls, and repairing things generally.

Sick.—We learn that Mr. Reub. Piquet of Boise City, is very sick at that place. The nature of his disease we do not know.

Mrs. Dr. Rothwell, of Placerville, and Mrs. Bennett, of Quartzburg, are at the Luna House. They are here on a visit.

A LARGE NUMBER of friends assembled at the stage office Wednesday morning to see Mr. Jim Hay off for California.

MESSRS. JOSEPH FREANOR and J. J. Mark, who have been on the sick list several days past, are recovering.

THOS. MOOTRY, JR., of the Gold Hill Co. made a hurried business visit to this place during the week.

THE weather has been really sultry two or three days past, almost oppressive so.

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